

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN



DEC.

10¢

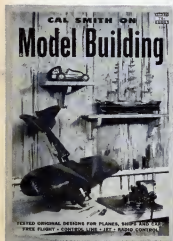
NO. 35



IN THIS ISSUE: **MADMAN DUTTON'S CAPTURE!**

A "MUST" FOR ALL MODEL BUILDERS...
the big, new 144-page book

CAL SMITH on MODEL BUILDING



Original TESTED designs for



PLANES



BOATS



CARS

All veteran model builders know Col Smith as one of the country's leading authorities on model building. As a writer, designer, illustrator and winning contestant, Col Smith packs over fifteen years of expert modeling into the most complete book of its type ever published. His book **MODEL BUILDING** will appeal to all beginners because of the simple, to-the-point approach. Seasoned hobbyists will also treasure this book because of the advanced designs, facts and figures and hundreds of drawings and photographs. For the best guide in model building see **CAL SMITH on MODEL BUILDING ...today!**

at your local newsstand 75¢

If your news dealer cannot supply you, order by mail. Send to
FAWCETT BOOKS, Dept. C-12, Greenwich, Connecticut. Order number 139

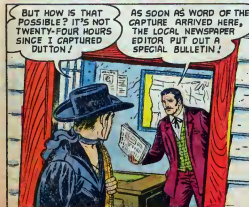
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

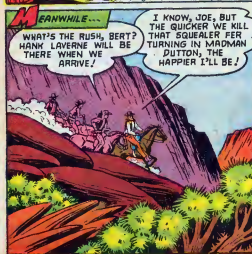
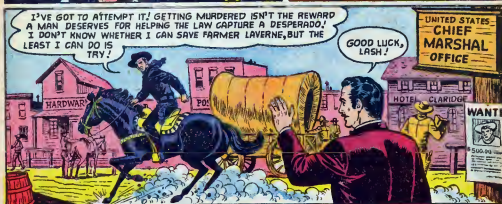
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LARUE WESTERN • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • BATTLE STORIES • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • CARRY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • MIKE BARNETT, MAN AGAINST CRIME
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President







DON'T FORGET, WITH DUTTON'S HENCHMEN STILL ON THE LOOSE, MY LIFE WON'T BE WORTH MUCH ONCE THEY HEAR THE STORY OF THEIR BOSS' CAPTURE!

GEE, HANK, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GO EAST UNTIL THE REST OF THE GANG IS CAUGHT!

I RECKON THAT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO! I'LL GO HOME AND PACK MY BAG AND GET OUT OF CYPRESS HILLS AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!



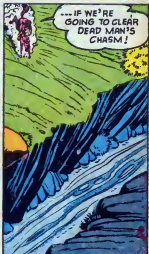
MEANWHILE, RACING TOWARDS HANK LAVERNE'S FARMHOUSE



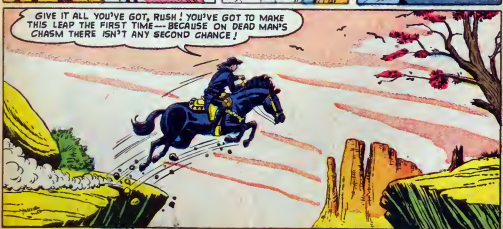
FASTER, RUSH! WE'VE GOT TO BUILD UP ALL THE MOMENTUM WE CAN---



---IF WE'RE GOING TO CLEAR DEAD MAN'S CHASM!

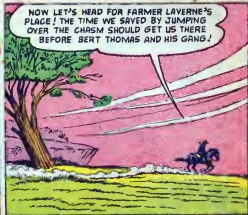


GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT, RUSH! YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS LEAP THE FIRST TIME--- BECAUSE ON DEAD MAN'S CHASM THERE ISN'T ANY SECOND CHANCE!





GOOD WORK, RUSH! WE MADE IT!



NOW LET'S HEAD FOR FARMER LAYVERNE'S PLACE! THE TIME WE SAVED BY JUMPING OVER THE CHASM SHOULD GET US THERE BEFORE BERT THOMAS AND HIS GANG!



MEANWHILE, AT THE FARMHOUSE...

THERE! I'VE GOT ALL MY BELONGINGS TOGETHER! IF I HURRY, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN OUT OF CYPRESS HILLS!



AT THE SAME TIME...

I THINK WE MADE IT IN TIME, RUSH!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHO COULD THAT BE?

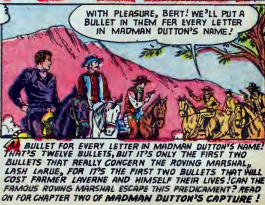
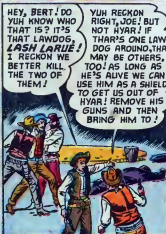
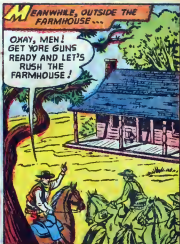


IT MUST BE DUTTON'S HENCHMEN!



IF THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THEM, I MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF HYAR ALIVE!

COME IN!



WITH PLEASURE, BERT! WE'LL PUT A BULLET IN THEM FER EVERY LETTER IN MADMAN DUTTON'S NAME!

4 BULLET FOR EVERY LETTER IN MADMAN DUTTON'S NAME! THAT'S TWELVE BULLETS, BUT IT'S ONLY THE FIRST TWO BULLETS THAT REALLY CONCERN THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, FOR IT'S THE FIRST TWO BULLETS THAT WILL COST FARMER LAVERNE AND HIMSELF THEIR LIVES! CAN THE FAMOUS ROVING MARSHAL ESCAPE THIS PREDICAMENT? READ ON FOR CHAPTER TWO OF MADMAN DUTTON'S CAPTURE!



Now You Can Get **LASH LaRUE WESTERN** Each Month, By Mail
(Please print your name clearly in pencil)

**FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.**

YES, send me **LASH LaRUE WESTERN** every month.

I am enclosing \$.....in full payment.

Name

Address

City..... Zone.... State.....

Subscription Rates for U. S. and Possessions
and Pan America

(CHECK ONE)

- ☐ 12 Issues for \$1.20
☐ 24 Issues for \$2.25
☐ 36 Issues for \$3.00

Sorry, no subscriptions sent to Canada.
For other foreign countries, add 50 cents per year.

**GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
YOUR FRIENDS**

**FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.**

YES, send **LASH LaRUE WESTERN** every month to the names below, as my gift.

Name

Address

City..... Zone.... State.....

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

Name

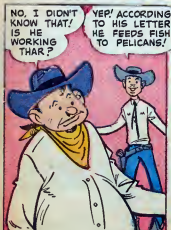
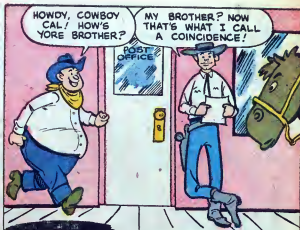
Address

City..... Zone.... State.....

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

My gift card should read.....

I enclose \$..... for the above orders:



SMOOTH HANDS OF DEATH



By Carl Memling



THIS IS a tale about hands—soft smooth hands with quick-moving fingers. They were Al Wilter's hands, and he'd as soon have you cut his nose off as scratch those lily-white hands of his.

Al Wilter was a skunk—a low-down, ornery sidewinder. Smooth with his tongue, dandyish in dress, he was the fastest man in the territory when it came to filling an inside straight with a card that had been tucked up his sleeve. He made all his money at the gambling table, cheating hard working men fresh from the roundup or the gold fields.

Al did it all with his thieving brain and his hands with their long quick fingers like weaving snakes. He was proud of how white they were. He had a special theory about hands. "Look at a man's hands," he'd say, "and you can tell by the thickness of the callous, how much brains he has. The thicker the callous, the less brains . . ." For, according to Al Wilter, only the brainless wrapped their hands around pickaxes and shovels and lariats. And if they were fools enough to work in the fields like beasts of burden, they were fair game for a man who could live by his wits!

But one night in Canyon Gulch, right in the middle of a high-stakes poker game, Al's hands faltered just a bit, and three aces fell out of his sleeve.

The silence that blanketed the table after those cards had pattered down was thick with thoughts of death. All the players except Al rose from the table and stood there staring down at him, their thick calloused fingers edging slowly toward their holsters.

"Cheat!" one of the men said softly.

That's all he said, that single word, but it echoed in the silent room like a judge's shouted death sentence!

Al Wilter sat there, his face a moist plaster color, his insides clenching slowly within him in a fist of fear.

"Know what we do with cheats?" a second man said softly.

Al kept cringing down in his chair, but all the time he was cringing, that brain of his was working feverishly. They'd kill him if he stayed put—that was the code of the West. He had to do something, fast, or soon he'd be stretched out on the undertaker's slab! Al's eyes shifted quickly from side to side. Suddenly they stopped. Close by he saw an open window, and outside were tethered some horses.

"Let's cut cards," a third man said, "to see who shoots the cheat."

Those were the last words Al Wilter ever heard in Canyon Gulch. Crying hoarsely, he overturned the table, pushing it with all his strength against the men who aimed to be his executioners. Then, turning, he dived out through the window, mounted the first horse he came to, and galloped away, as fast as the horse would go, out into the wide vast desert.

The men in the gambling place back at Canyon Gulch stood at the window, laughing grimly after him. For they saw that the horse Al had stolen was a lame one, and riding it at that mad pace was like signing his own death warrant. They knew no man could last long in that desert, without water and food, mounted on a horse that would leave him stranded in the middle of nowhere!

Al rode for some time before the horse's legs suddenly buckled under him. When that happened, Al flew over the animal's neck, and landed in the sand some yards ahead, crying like a beaten cur. A long time later he raised his head and looked around him. Only horizons of sand met his eye. Al groaned. Without water or food and with a horse so lame it was as good as dead, he knew his situation was desperate.

And that wasn't the worst of it. For now a wind was blowing up. The wind whistled

fiercely, scouring the desert, dredging up clouds of stinging sand. The sand hit Al like a million crazy bees. It dug into him, filling up every line in his face, clogging his nostrils and mouth till he was choking. Al staggered to the shelter of a dune and there he lay moaning like a lost soul . . .

When the wind died just as suddenly as it had risen, Al lay motionless, like an empty sack. This was the end, he was sure of it!

But life is like a game of poker. The cards keep falling and you never know when your luck will change. Just then, an old prospector with two burros, one under him, and the other staggering under a load of provisions, came along and found Al Wilter.

Turning Al over, the old prospector gave him water and then camped down—meaning to stay and help as long as he had to.

Al was grateful. When he could talk again, he thanked the old man, and for a short time even felt kindly towards him. Then when his strength had returned, Al saw the thick callouses on the old man's hands and at that moment Al said to himself, "A working fool! Let's see now what I can cheat him out of!"

So that night when the old prospector was asleep, Al inspected his belongings. What he found made his fingers itch and two leaping fires of greed burned in his eyes. The old man had a leather pouch full of nuggets and a map showing the location of a large vein of gold he'd just discovered.

Al stood there, his eyes shifting and that rat-brain of his working feverishly. With the nuggets and the map, he'd be set for life. He'd stake a claim, get cash for the nuggets, hire a crew of workers, and become a millionaire over night! Only one thing lay between Al and his dream—and that one thing was the snoring old prospector.

Al didn't think for long. Soon one of his smooth soft hands was holding the prospector's pistol. One squeeze of the trigger, a sharp report, the old man moaning, and it was all over.

The next morning Al Wilter was riding toward the horizon. Between his thighs was one burro and the other trudged to the rear, burdened with provisions. Back where the old man had saved him was a fresh shallow grave.

Al kept whistling a merry tune. He'd never felt better in his life. There was no chance of

his getting lost—the old prospector had told him the route to the town of Bold Gap just yesterday. And since nobody in Bold Gap knew Al Wilter, what could go wrong?

He came to Bold Gap and went straight to the assay office. The report was the best a man could get and he lost no time staking his claim. He wasn't furtive or fearful about it—he was too smart for that. Al just acted with the natural good cheer of a man who'd struck it rich at last.

He got himself the best room in the hotel, gambled a bit and bought drinks for everybody standing at the local bar. That was where he began recruiting his help, for Al Wilter wasn't going to do any of the hard work himself.

The first man he signed up was a tall lean ex-cowhand with a lantern jaw. "My name's Rusty," the ex-cowhand said. "I've been digging for gold quite some time now." Rusty and Al Wilter agreed on terms and then they solemnly shook hands.

That was enough work for one night for a millionaire, Al thought, and he went back to his room and bedded down. Before long he had fallen into a long deep sleep.

When he opened his eyes, Rusty was sitting at his bedside, and so was a man with a sheriff's badge pinned on his shirt.

"We're taking you in for murder," said the man with the sheriff's badge. And they took the sleep-sodden crooked gambler off to jail, just a few short hours after he had hit town!

It was all over now, and the sheriff and Rusty were riding slowly through the town. They rode along for a spell, not talking, and then the sheriff said, "Haven't figured it all out yet, Rusty. How'd you happen to back-trail the skunk so you found the grave of the poor man he murdered?"

EVEN in the spreading dark, you could see the grim smile on Rusty's lean face. "Those smooth soft hands of his," Rusty said. "We shook hands back in the bar when he was hiring me, and just one touch of those hands told me this was no man who'd just come off the fields from mining gold!"

The sheriff nodded soberly. Then he scratched his nose with a thick calloused finger. "Right smart," he said.

THE END

DUSTY and The TALENT SCOUT

IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE PAID OFF AT THE END OF A HARD WEEK'S WORK! I BETTER COUNT THIS MONEY AND SEE IF IT'S ALL HYAR!

JEEPERS, LOOK AT DUSTY! HE'S GOT A SWEET ROLL OF GREENBACKS! MY POCKETS ARE PRETTY UNDERNOURISHED! THEY SURE COULD USE A NICE FILLING OF THAT KIND OF LETTUCE!

TEN---TWENTY---THIRTY---
FORTY--- FIFTY ---
THAT'S RIGHT!

DUSTY'S A DOPE! IT SHOULD BE EASY FER ME TO DIG DOWN IN MY BAG OF TRICKS AND GET THAT MONEY AWAY FROM HIM---ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

HEYA, DUSTY! DO YUH WANT TO SEE A GOOD TRICK?

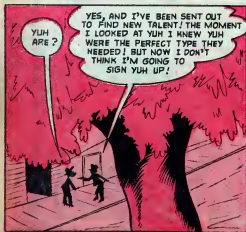
SURE, I LIKE TRICKS! WHAT IS IT?

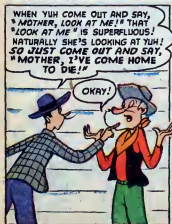
I CAN SHOW YUH HOW TO MAKE A TEN-DOLLAR BILL DISAPPEAR!

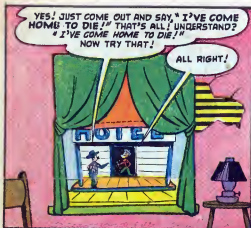
HUH? YUH CAN MAKE A TEN-DOLLAR BILL DISAPPEAR? GEE, THAT SOUNDS TERRIFIC! HOW DO YUH DO IT?

I'LL SHOW YUH! GIVE ME THAT TEN-DOLLAR BILL!

NOW I'LL PUT IT IN MY POCKET LIKE THIS AND I'LL SAY THE MAGIC WORDS, ABRA CADABRA ---







HURRY! Get your own gold lettered PERSONALIZED WALLET!

\$1.25 VALUE
for only **35¢**

AND FRONT COVER OF
1 SMITH BROTHERS BOX
(ANY KIND)

SO EASY TO GET!

You'll love this lustrous, durable wallet of virgin vinyl... worth 4 times the price! Comes in handsome black calf finish or popular two-tone red and navy. Has removable coin purse, ident. card, calendar, two card or photo containers, secret money pocket! Your first name or initials in gold leaf! Great for Xmas gifts! Hurry! SMITH BROS., Box 1369, New York 46, N.Y.



AND THE BEST
TASTING COUGH
DROPS, TOO!

I enclose front cover of 1 Smith Bros. box plus 35¢, for which please send PERSONALIZED WALLET.

COLOR ☐ Black ☐ Red and Blue ☐

First Name or Initials _____

Name _____
(please print in pencil)

Address _____

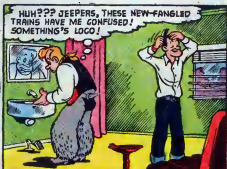
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Send to SMITH BROTHERS, Box 1369, New York 46, N.Y.

MOLASSES MOUTH



A FOOT WASH



HUH??? JEEPERS, THESE NEW-FANGLED
TRAINS HAVE ME CONFUSED!
SOMETHING'S LOGO!



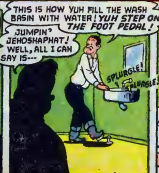
SAY, PARDNER,
COULD YUH HELP
ME OUT?

WHY? WHAT'S
THE MATTER?



I WANT SOME WATER
IN THE WASH BASIN,
BUT I CAN'T FIND
ANY FAUGETS!

THERE
AREN'T
ANY!



THIS IS HOW YUH FILL THE WASH
BASIN WITH WATER! YUH STEP ON
THE FOOT PEDAL!

JUMPIN?
JENDSHAPHAT!
WELL, ALL I CAN
SAY IS---



---THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE
EVER HAD TO USE MY FEET TO
WASH MY FACE!



LET'S SHOOT THEM
BEFORE WE TIE UP OUR
HORSES, BERT! THEN WE
WON'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THEM TRYING
TO ESCAPE!

BUT THAT'S
ONE
WORRY
THEY'VE GOT
TO WORRY
ABOUT
RIGHT NOW!
FOR IN
THE VERY
SECOND
THAT THE
BANDITS TURN
TOWARDS
BERT THOMAS
TO ASK HIS
PERMISSION
TO SHOOT
IMMEDIATELY,
THE ROVING
MARSHAL
GOES INTO
ACTION!

LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!





BUT HANK'S HORSE IS TOO TIRED FOR THE LONG TREK BACK TO TOWN, AND SHORTLY AFTER...

IT'S NO USE, LASH! MY HORSE IS NO MATCH FER RUSH! HE JUST CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER! YUH BETTER FORGET ME AND RIDE BACK BY YORESELF!

IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, HANK! IF YOUR HORSE IS TOO TIRED TO GO ON, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOME PLACE TO HIDE OUT IN UNTIL HE CAN CONTINUE THE JOURNEY!



MEANWHILE...

STILL NO SIGN OF THEM, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD HAVE GIVEN US THE SLIP!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HIDING SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRAIL AS WE RODE BY! COME ON, WE'RE GOING BACK AND SEARCH FER THEM!



AND AS THE BANDITS START TO RETRACE THEIR TRACKS...

IT LOOKS AS IF EVERYBODY WHO WORKS IN THIS MINE HAS GONE HOME ALREADY! WE CAN HIDE OUT IN HERE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HORSES? IF WE LEAVE THEM OUTSIDE, DUTTON'S GANG IS BOUND TO SEE THEM IF THEY RIDE BY!



THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR THE HORSES IN HERE, TOO!



SHORTLY AFTER...

WHAT'S THAT YUH HAVE THAR, LASH?

I FOUND AN OLD GUN, BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY BULLETS IN IT!



DO YUH HEAR WHAT I HEAR, LASH?

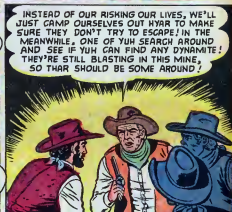
YES, STAND BACK WHILE I DOUBLE-CHECK!



IT'S DUTTON'S GANG, ALL RIGHT! NOT A SOUND NOW!

NORMALLY I'D GO AFTER THEM, GUN OR NO GUN, BUT RIGHT NOW I CAN'T AFFORD TO RISK FARMER LAYNER'S LIFE!







HERE IT GOES!

YUH SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME WHEN I TOLD YUH, LASH!

WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, HANK, DEAD OR ALIVE --- AND I HOPE IT'S THE LATTER!



YIPES! THAT WHIP IS SENDING THE STICK OF DYNAMITE BACK TOWARDS US!

RUN FER IT!



BUT BEFORE THE BANDITS CAN REACH THEIR HORSES...



YOU HEAD FOR TOWN, HANK! I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN'T CATCH THOSE HOMBRES NOW!

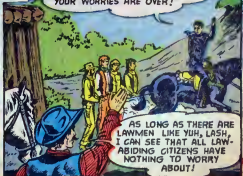
I DON'T THINK THAT WILL BE NECESSARY, LASH!



LOOK, THAT STICK OF DYNAMITE THEY THREW BACKFIRED, THANKS TO YORE BULLWHIP, AND TRAPPED THEM ALL! ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS DIG THEM OUT!

SHORTLY AFTER...

NOW THAT DUTTON'S MEN ARE GOING TO JOIN HIM IN JAIL, HANK, YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER!

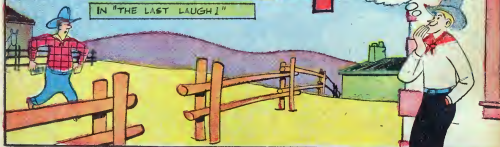


AS LONG AS THERE ARE LAWMEN LIKE YUH, LASH, I CAN SEE THAT ALL LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

Windy

IN "THE LAST LAUGH!"

HYAR COMES THAT SILLY COWPOKE, FRANKS! HE'S THE EASIEST HONKIE IN THE WORLD TO KID, I PUT AN EXTRA DOLLAR IN HIS PAY ENVELOPE THIS MORNING! NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM!



YOU'RE THE PAY-MASTER ON THIS RANCH, AREN'T YUH, WINDY?

YES, I AM! WHAT 'BOUT IT?

I JUST RECIEVED MY PAY ENVELOPE AND I WAS OVER-PAID THIS DOLLAR! SO I CAME TO YUH TO RETURN IT!

OH, YEAH?

WHAT IS THIS -- A PLOT?

HUH?

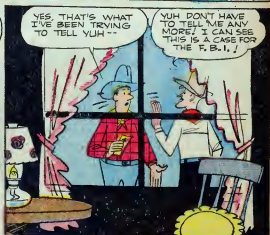
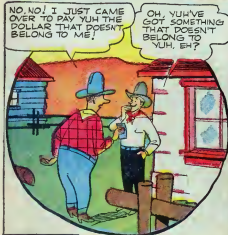


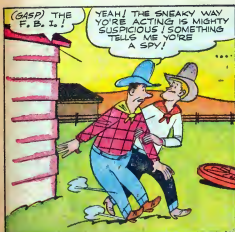
NO, NO! I JUST CAME OVER TO PAY YUH THE DOLLAR THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO ME!

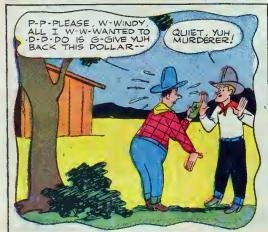
OH, YUH'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YUH, EH?

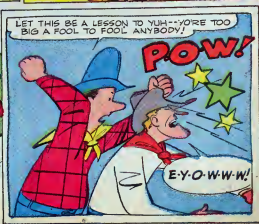
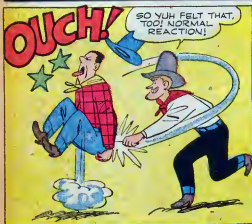
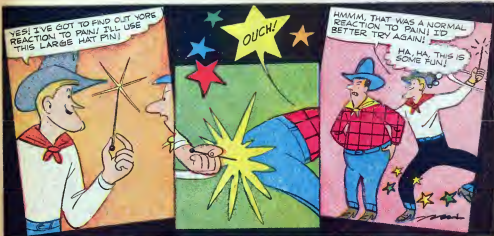
YES, THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YUH --

YUH DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME ANY MORE! I CAN SEE THIS IS A CASE FOR THE F. B. I.!

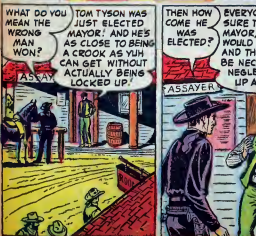
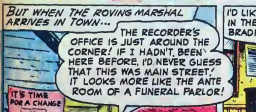
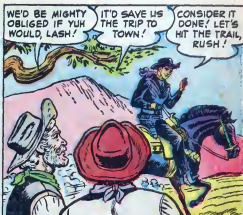
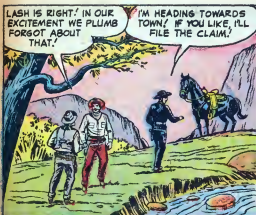












NOT UNLESS YOU ACTUALLY CATCH HIM DOING SOMETHING ILLEGAL! THE TOWN-PEOPLE ELECTED HIM BY NOT GOING TO THE POLLS AND NOW YOU'RE ALL STUCK WITH HIM!

LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK AND TELL DAN AND HARRY THAT WE STAKED THEIR CLAIM FOR THEM!

BUT ON THE WAY BACK TO THE PROSPECTORS, THE ROVING MARSHAL CUTS THROUGH TOWN AND PASSES THE BACK OF THE LOCAL BANK!

OH, OH! IT LOOKS AS IF DAN AND HARRY WILL HAVE TO WAIT TO HEAR THAT I'VE RECORDED THEIR CLAIM! IT SEEMS WE HAVE MORE URGENT BUSINESS AT THE MOMENT!



LET ME GO! YUH GOT NOTHING ON ME!

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY IS A FELONY! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE SHERIFF!

BUT AT THE JAILHOUSE...

WHERE'S THE SHERIFF HARRIS?

THE NEW MAYOR FIRED HIM! I WAS APPOINTED SHERIFF THIS MORNING!

MY NAME'S LASH LARUE! I'M A ROVING MARSHAL! I CAUGHT THIS VARMINT BREAKING INTO THE BANK!

THAT'S A LIE! I WAS ONLY LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW TO SEE THE TIME! THEY HAVE A BIG CLOCK IN THE BANK!



I SEE YOU'RE NOT ONLY A BANDIT, BUT A COMEDIAN, TOO! GO AHEAD, SHERIFF, LOCK HIM UP!

BUT, LARUE, CAN YOU REALLY PROVE THAT HE WASN'T LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW FER THE TIME?

THE BROKEN BARS ON THE BANK WINDOW ARE ALL THE PROOF WE NEED!

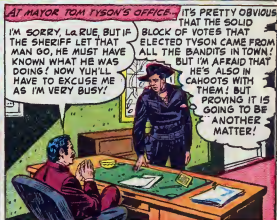
UNLESS YUH ACTUALLY SAW HIM BREAK THE BARS, I'M AFRAID IT'S NO PROOF AT ALL! HAND ME THE KEYS SO I CAN TAKE THESE HANDCUFFS OFF AND LET HIM GO!

I OBJECT, SHERIFF! YOU'RE LETTING A BANDIT GO FREE!

THIS IS MY TERRITORY, MARSHAL, AND I'LL CARRY OUT MY DUTY THE WAY I SEE FIT! IF YUH DON'T LIKE IT, YUH CAN GO SEE THE NEW MAYOR!

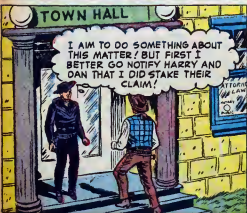


THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WILL DO!



AT MAYOR TOM TYSON'S OFFICE— I'M SORRY, LARUE, BUT IF THE SHERIFF LET THAT MAN GO, HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT HE WAS DOING! NOW YUH'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME AS I'M VERY BUSY!

IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THAT THE SOLID BLOCK OF VOTES THAT ELECTED TYSON CAME FROM ALL THE BANDITS IN TOWN! BUT I'M AFRAID THAT HE'S ALSO IN CAHOOTS WITH THEM! BUT PROVING IT IS GOING TO BE ANOTHER MATTER!



TOWN HALL
I AM TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MATTER! BUT FIRST I BETTER GO NOTIFY HARRY AND OAN THAT I DID STAKE THEIR CLAIM!



AND WHILE THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP RIDES OFF...

IF WHAT YUH JUST TOLD ME IS TRUE ABOUT THOSE TWO PROSPECTORS DISCOVERING A FORTUNE OF GOLD, WE'LL WANT TO TAKE OVER THAT CLAIM FER OURSELVES!

IT'S TRUE, ALL RIGHT, TYSON! BUT JUST HOW ARE WE GOING TO TAKE IT OVER? I ALSO HEARD THAT THEY'VE ALREADY RECORDED IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, HURLY! I'LL JUST RIDE OVER TO THE RECORDER'S OFFICE AND ORDER THE RECORDER TO RIP UP THEIR CLAIM AND FILE ONE IN MY NAME!

WHAT IF HE WON'T?



EITHER HE'LL PLAY BALL WITH ME OR HE'LL PLAY DEAD! IN THE MEANWHILE, I WANT YOU TO RIDE OUT TO THE PROSPECTORS AND TAKE OVER THEIR CLAIM FOR ME!

BUT WHAT IF THEY REFUSE?



IF THEY DON'T LIKE THE IDEA, ALL YUH GOT TO DO IS TELL THEM TO CHECK THE RECORDER'S OFFICE! BY THE TIME THEY GET BACK TO TOWN, THEY'LL FIND THAT THERE'S NO CLAIM IN THEIR NAME, ONLY IN MINE!



OKAY, BOSS!

IT'S THREE O'CLOCK NOW! I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO DO, BUT I CAN BE IN THE RECORDER'S OFFICE BY FOUR! IF YOU TAKE OVER THE CLAIM AT FIVE, EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT!

OKAY, BOSS! I'LL ROUND UP A FEW OF THE BOYS JUST IN CASE I RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE!



LICENSE BUREAU

SHORTLY AFTER...

IT'S ONLY THREE THIRTY AND I KNOW THE MAYOR SAID WE SHOULDN'T TAKE OVER THE CLAIM UNTIL FIVE, HURLY! BUT IF WE DO IT NOW, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GO BACK AND GET OURSELVES SOME DRINKS INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME DOING NOTHING!

I CAN'T SEE THAT IT'LL DO ANY HARM! LET'S GO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I RECKON YUH HOMBRES ARE LOST! YO'RE RIDING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY!

PRIVATE PROPERTY IS RIGHT, BUT IT'S THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF THE MAYOR!



WHAT DO YUH MEAN, THE PROPERTY OF THE MAYOR? MY PARTNER AND I HAVE A CLAIM FER IT!

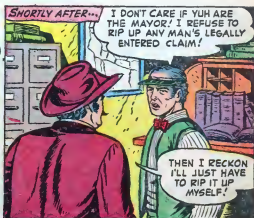
THE ONLY CLAIM FER THIS HYAR PROPERTY IS IN THE MAYOR'S NAME!

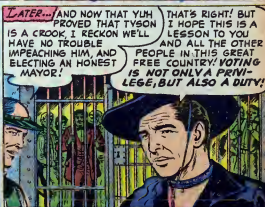


I'M SORRY TO DIFFER WITH YOU, BUT I FILED THE CLAIM FOR THESE TWO MEN MYSELF!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YUH ARE, MISTER, BUT I'D ADVISE YUH TO MIND YO'RE OWN BUSINESS!







FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE EVERY MONTH IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE AND IN SIX-GUN HEROES!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO** ➔

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. F 106 P. O. Box 1004

Nashville, Tennessee



ANNOUNCING the new DAISY DEFENDER repeating AIR RIFLE

READY FOR CHRISTMAS!

Your Daisy Dealer wants you to drop in now and see this streamlined new Defender Repeater—most beautiful Daisy ever! It's packed with wonderful new features! Rear-sight lowers, lifts—moves right, left—adjusts instantly from notch-sight to peep-sight. Forced-feed 50-shot shooting barrel has Positive Action. Secret "pocket" in butt to carry Bull's Eye BBs. Realistic molded full oval stock and "hunting style" fore-piece. Perfect for fun and medal-winning NRA shooting. For help in getting Defender for Christmas, ask Dealer for FREE Daisy Reminder Kit or send coupon, unused 3c stamp!

No. 141
ONLY \$7.98

FIRST
AND ONLY FORCE-FEED
LEVER-ACTION
DAISY
IN 30 YEARS!

CONSERVATION
Open and Feed
Sight ASD
Adjustable
for Windage,
Elevation



No. 111
\$5.75



RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Red Ryder Carbine holds nearly 1000 BBs—looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Leather thong on Carbine Ring. Realistic full oval molded stock and fore-end—both "checkered." Red Ryder's name, picture, horse "branded" on stock. Get one!

No. 25
\$7.98

DAISY PUMP GUN

Get this 50-shot pump action repeater with "gold-engraved" jacket. Take-down model. King of All Air Rifles! See it at your Daisy Dealers! now!

No. 155
\$4.98

DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER

Buy this husky repeater! Holds almost 1000 shot. Top performance at low cost. See at Dealers now!

ASK YOUR DEALER OR MAIL COUPON FOR

FREE REMINDER KIT

FREE
CHRISTMAS
DAISY™
REMINDER
KIT

See these beautiful Daisys at your favorite store today! Ask Dealer for FREE Daisy Christmas Reminder Kit or mail coupon enclosing unused 3c stamp! Kit will remind Dad, Mom or guardian to get you the Daisy you want for Christmas. It helped thousands get their Daisy last Christmas.

REMINDS THEM TO
GET YOU A DAISY

FOR
CHRISTMAS



Don't order air rifles or BB shot direct—see YOUR DEALER! Prices subject to change without notice and before Christmas, West, Canada.

NO BB SPILLING with
ROLL-TITE POUCH!



AND DAISY'S ROLL-TITE
POUCH OF BULL'S EYE
GIVES YOU

MORE BB'S

for 5c



MAIL COUPON!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. 1292, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover copyrighted Reminder Kit mailing cost. Rush Kit postpaid.

NAME.....

ST. & NO.

CITY.....

ZONE.....

STATE.....

DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT IS

approved for use in

DAISY AIR RIFLES



HANDY
SECRET
POCKET

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. 1292, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

© 2006 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved.

THE TEEN TITANS

Warner Bros.

movielover edits



From Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved.